

Youth



In this issue:

To go or not to go steady?

March 2, 1958



editor's note:

Hair today and gnome tomorrow? Rear Admiral Hyma G. Rickover recently reported that "the U.S. home permanent wave industry budgeted for research into ways of improving the looks of the human hair a sum amounting to two cents per U.S. female capita. The whole nation, meanwhile, was spending only three cents per capita for research into the distressing things that go on inside the human head."

Weak in the peak? Admiral Rickover also pointed out that the amount of money spent for advertising in 1951 amounted to \$199 per family, while the amount spent for primary and secondary education was only \$152 per family. Need we say anything more?



"I knocked 'em all over . . . How come I can't keep them?"

March 2, 1958

Editor:
Herman C. Ahrens, Jr.

Literary Assistant:
Doris G. Frommer

Literary Address:
Room 300
1505 Race St.
Philadelphia 2, Pa.

YOUTH magazine is prepared for the young people of the United Church of Christ (Congregational Christian Churches and Evangelical and Reformed Church). Published biweekly throughout the year by The Christian Education Press and the Pilgrim Press. Publication office: 1720 Chouteau Avenue, St. Louis 3, Missouri. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, under Act of March 3, 1879. Accepted for mailing at a special rate of postage, provided for in Section 3, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized June 30, 1943.

Subscription rates: Single subscriptions, \$2.50 a year. For bulk rates write for order blank. Single copies, 10 cents each.

Subscription offices: Board of Christian Education and Publication, Room 210, 1505 Race Street, Philadelphia 2, Pennsylvania, and The Pilgrim Press, 14 Beacon Street, Boston Massachusetts.

Volume 9 Number 5

Are the Critics Fair to Our Schools?

By Gerald M. Van Pool

ONE SURE WAY to get publicity these days is to criticize the schools—especially the public schools. It makes little difference that many of the critics wouldn't know a school from a box of corn flakes. All one has to do is make critical remarks about schools and modern education and he immediately finds many who are ready and willing to agree. Here's what the critics say: Schools cost too much and raise taxes; schools have forsaken tried and true traditional education; they really don't educate anyway because students can't read and write and they certainly can't figure. Students are becoming little more than amiable, well-adjusted nitwits; schools are subversive and teach strange doctrines; juvenile delinquency is the obvious result of the present educational system; the Russians are way ahead of us; etc., etc., etc. Are these critics fair to our schools?

Are the Critics Fair to Our Schools?

WITHOUT a doubt, some of the critics of modern education are sincere and are truly seeking a better system for providing more and better educational opportunities. Others are certainly cranks, publicity seekers, and opportunists.

Everyone is an expert. It is rather strange that so many people consider themselves experts on what is and what is not a good school. It is strange to find so many people who, simply because they once attended school, feel qualified to advise on what to teach and how to teach it. This appears to be true whether the critic is a college graduate or whether he finished only grammar school.

This is, of course, a free country. All of us have the right—perhaps even the duty—to criticize. Certainly our schools are not immune from critical analysis. It is probably true that many schools certainly ought to be looked into pretty carefully. Nevertheless, it is well to pause a moment and try to determine if the criticism is valid. Do many of these critics *really* know what they are talking about? Do they *really* have a point? Are they criticizing something about which they have actual knowledge? Do they have scientific evidence to back

up their criticism? Or are they, many suspect, simply talking?

It is well for all of us—whether students or taxpayers—to consider the possible effects of constant criticism, of consistent, reckless “carping.” What can youth possibly think about schools which are always under fire or about a public which too often complains and loudly grumbles about having to foot the bill for education as though this were an onerous and unwanted obligation? What do students think about underpaid and overworked teachers? Or about some teachers who are admittedly incompetent and ill-prepared because many in the community are not willing to spend the money to get the best? How important can schools and education be when youth hear on every hand how poor the schools are and how little they are learning? Won’t there be a tendency for young people to regard schools with suspicion and apprehension? Will youth be tempted to quit school and go to work?

Times change and so does education. We are in a period of transition—the world is changing and education moves along apace. Unfortunately, many critics do not or will not, understand this change. They become alarmed when they note, for example, that the subjects they studied in school are not being taught any more or that they are

Mr. Van Pool is Assistant Secretary for Student Activities, National Association of Secondary-School Principals, Washington, D. C.

being taught in a different manner. Not knowing and not understanding, they become suspicious and vocal in their denunciation of "modern" education.

Because we *are* in a period of change and because the schools of today *are not* the schools of 50 years ago does not signify that present-day schools are doing poorer work than was done 50 years ago. In the opinion of many who are really in a position to know, they are doing far better than ever before. Numerous tests show that the present-day high school student can do and is doing just as well as was ever done by the high school student of yesterday.

True, we have more students in school now than ever before—we are trying to educate *all* the children of *all* the people! It stands to reason that when by far the largest proportion of the teen-age population of the country is in high school, there will be many who will not do as well as a small, highly selected group might do. It has been said somewhat facetiously that those who advocate the old days and the old ways are really suggesting that "we teach the best and shoot the rest." It is a modern miracle that the present-day school system has done as well as it has!

Young people are staying in school. Generally speaking, the

place for youth is in school and youth are staying in schools as shown by actual figures. For example, in 1956 the estimated population of young people between 14 and 15 years of age in the U. S. was 5,040,000, of which 96.9 per cent were in high school. Again, of the estimated 4,500,000 youth between 16 and 17, there were 78.4 per cent in high school. At present, about 60 per cent of those who enter high school remain to graduate.

In the fall of 1957, approximately 3,068,000 students enrolled in 1890 colleges and universities in the U. S.

It pays to stay in school. Looking at the above figures one cannot help wondering what possible chance a youth has to compete successfully with well-trained and well-educated high school and college graduates if he, himself, has little training or education. Our modern world demands skilled workers who can produce successfully in a world filled with thousands of scientific marvels. Today, the minimum requirement in 71 shortage occupations is at least a high school education. Many occupations now demand a college education and beyond. What chance does a young person have if he quits school before graduation?

The 12th grade adds \$486 in annual income and each of the preceding grades has added \$238 in an-

Are the Critics Fair to Our Schools?

nual income. High school graduates earn 30 per cent more in their most productive years (45-64) than do non-graduates.

Plus those needed for replacements, we will need 905,000 doctors, nurses, and teachers by 1965. At present, for every college graduate who plans to enter the teaching profession, there are eight to ten openings. For those planning to go into business, there are five to six openings. For every graduate in the liberal arts, there are three to four openings. An engineer, for example, can well expect to earn as much as \$500 a month immediately after graduation.

There are almost limitless possibilities for those who go to school and who stay there until graduation! American business and industry and the professions evidently feel that our schools are really educating those who attend them.

In defense of our schools are those who know that these schools are doing truly tremendous work with students who are ready and willing to learn—who can and will profit by what the modern school has to offer.

Each year the many fine scholarship programs now existing for high school students reveal literally thousands of bright, talented youth—many of whom go on to college and continue their brilliant careers

there. It is probably true that many people do not yet fully realize—do not comprehend—what an amazing and fantastic job has been laid out for the American school system—a task which aims to give *every* girl and boy in the entire nation an opportunity to develop himself to his fullest potential! It aims to help every student work to the best of his ability and to do the best he can with what he has. Nowhere in the world and never before in history has any nation ever attempted to do so much for so many.

Our schools are not beyond criticism. They are not perfect. But in spite of attacks and criticism, it is still true that those who go through our schools have more and better opportunities than are afforded anywhere else in the world; they earn more, and they render better service to their communities than do the students of almost any other country. Our advance in science, medicine, and industry reflects a productive educational system.

The answer is as plain now as it has been for many years—the modern American school is doing a terrific job in training our youth to take their places in a modern world. Young people should stay in school, get all the education possible, and stifle, once and for all, the idea that our students know little and do less.



Will violence or non-violence aid integration?



By Fred D. Wentzel

WHEN the Lumbee Indians of North Carolina broke up a Klu Klux Klan meeting by shooting shotguns and revolvers into the air and into the ground and carried off a Klan banner as a trophy of victory, our first reaction was one of relief and satisfaction. The foolish and evil shenanigans of people who try to frighten their neighbors by ghostly white robes and flaming crosses had been met this time, not with fear and trembling, but with courage and forthrightness.

An Indian family had moved into a white neighborhood. An Indian woman was dating a white man. In a civilized, democratic community, such events would be taken for granted, and that is the way most citizens took them. But the Klan folk had other thoughts and used their usual childish methods to intimidate those whose behavior they disapproved. Now the Klansmen

had been put to rout and shamed before the whole country.

After our first feeling of relief and satisfaction came some doubts. There was no question that the Klan was evil, but had the Lumbee Indians acted wisely in using violence? They killed no one. Their purpose was simply to say to the Klan in clear, effective language, "Leave us alone."

The Klan or the White Citizens' Council, which has similar purposes, is active also in Montgomery, Alabama. There a group of Negro ministers have taken peaceful action, working through education and the law, to defend the right of the minority. Which way is better ethically, and which way has a better chance of success in the long run—peaceful and patient action, or shotguns and revolvers fired into the air? The slow, non-violent strategy in Alabama, or the quickly, violent strategy in North Carolina? These are inescapable questions for the Christian.

Dr. Wentzel is Director of Publication of The Christian Education Press. This is his fifth in a series of news comment columns.





To go — or not to go steady?

By Hoover Rupert

EACH YEAR for the past three years this pastor has, at the request of the young people of his congregation, shared three Sunday evenings in an open question-and-answer discussion. This year the junior highs had their three Sundays as well as the senior high youth fellowship. Interestingly enough, the predominant question among 60 seniors and 50 junior highs was the same: "What about going steady?"

The problem is apparently widespread. Various Roman Catholic officials have issued orders and statements about their young people and the problem of going steady. The Archdiocese of Cincinnati, for instance, has denounced teen-age going steady as an "evil." It asked all persons "dedicated to the good of society under God" to cooperate in putting an end to the "social fad." Why? The condemnation was based on "steady dating as a definite and proved moral danger to teenagers." Noted was their unpreparedness for marriage and the interruption of their normal adolescent development. Further, it was found that going steady has a "definite and proven detrimental effect on the scholastic program of the young person during his critical period of training for life."

Our teens were interested in the statistical survey of the University of Michigan's Institute for Social Research. Interviews were conducted with a scientifically chosen sample of 2000 girls, 12 through

Dr. Rupert is former director of youth work of the Methodist Church and currently pastor of First Methodist Church, Jackson, Mich.

To go or not to go steady?

18 years of age. Most of them started dating at 14. Seventy per cent of the girls, ages 14 through 16, date regularly and 90 per cent of the girls over 16 date regularly.

However, in the total report on the 2000 girls, only 10 per cent confine themselves to dating only one boy. Less than 20 per cent of the girls approved of going steady; 60 per cent of those over 16 disapproved of the practice for various reasons such as "prevents knowing other boys," "no training for picking a marriage partner," "may get too involved."

Our own group felt the problem involved many more than 10 per cent of the persons in the high schools they represent. Out of the discussion came the following suggestions with the leader's informal conclusions.

WHY GO STEADY? Some forceful arguments were presented as reasons why teens are constantly lowering the age level of steady dating. *Security* seems to be the key word. Going steady brings a sense of social security—that is, one can know one will always have a partner for the class dance, a date for the football pep rally, a companion to attend youth fellowship activities.

One's own *self-confidence* is constantly reassured. You become sophisticated about ordering in restaurants and drug stores, because you feel "at home" with your date. No pretenses are necessary. You don't have to do those many things that teen-age boys do to impress teen-age girls, and vice versa. Your steady's parents come to know you, and there is no need to seek to impress them each time you ring their door bell (or honk the horn at the curb).

There is little question about how much or how little in the exchange of physical affections is in order, since most such couples reach some understanding. But to go out with many girls is to find yourself in perplexity as to what may be expected and what is considered proper.

Steady dating among teens quickly becomes a matter of *social pressure* in a high school. Boys and girls who don't go steady are looked upon by the "steadies" as not being attractive enough. They are shut out of the "normal" socializing, because so many are paired off for the semester or school year. So, in many cases, the teenager succumbs to social pressure and secures a "steady."

WHY NOT GO STEADY? The teenager should consider seriously the question of whether or not to go steady. To put it squarely: no teenager below the 12th grade should become so seriously involved with a member of the opposite sex. And perhaps it is not the wisest procedure for 12th graders to go steady.

Having said that, you ask what the basic reasons are for such a conclusion. There are four that might well be mentioned here.

First, going steady means that you're going to have fewer friends. The teen-age steady dater cuts himself off from the normal social contacts that are a necessary part of the growing-up process. One argument for going steady is security. In a restricted sense, this is true. But it is only a little island of security that is gained. Later, as an adult the teenager may find himself unprepared to take a normal place in the community, to live fully as an adult with many other adults, not a limited few. He may become adrift in a social swim and thus be unable to keep his head above water—except possibly on his island, which, by this time, may be pretty close to being under water too.

To limit your social life restricts your personality. We need to learn to live effectively in modern society by taking advantage of the natural and normal social contacts it offers. The give and take of normal

More about dating . . .

Teen dating is a good topic for a **planned** discussion sometime in your church school class or youth fellowship. After all, the church is eager for its young people to be blessed with a Christian home in the future. And what better place to encourage Christian foundation and sound preparation for lasting marriage than within the wholesome atmosphere of the church?

There are numerous resources on the topic of dating and preparation for marriage. Check with your minister, your church school teacher, your youth counselor, your local librarian, or your parents. Ask them for books they'd recommend.

One new book which should prove helpful is being published appropriately on the first day of spring, March 21. The book is Dr. Evelyn Millis Duvall's **The Art of Dating**, published by Association Press and selling for \$2.50. Dr. Duvall is author of the best-selling book, **Facts of Life and Love for Teen-Agers**.

To go or not to go steady?

social life is not the same if you share it exclusively with only one other person.

Take the church youth group that has a bunch of "steadies." How much group spirit is there achieved in comparison with what there might be if they were all a part of the group? Any youth group faces the problems of cliques. And the most serious problems of cliques I know about come through the fact that many young people are paired off as "steadies." Their interest is in each other and their interest in the group is strictly coincidental. The couple's social security in the group is dependent on each other being a part of the group. They are lost if the other person is absent.

Second, going steady restricts the basis for selecting a marriage partner. A person has no basis for comparing his steady girl or boy friend with others as to temperament, interests, attractiveness, etc. He has selected her often on the basis of physical attractiveness, and not unimportant feature to be sure, but only one of many factors to be considered. Has a 15-year-old youth had enough experience to arrive at a final decision on his life partner?

Third, going steady hastens the veneer of maturing—but it is mostly facade and has very little solid structure. Thus the sophistication that "steadies" demonstrate is strictly a veneer that will peel off with the first thorough soaking. Knowing one's way around is important. Being hep to the latest may be essential. A smooth operator may have to talk smoothly, dance smoothly, and be on top of every situation. But the kind of sophistication that most high school "steadies" affect is simply the sophistication (for what it's worth) of going steady!

Fourth, and most important, going steady is a definite moral danger to both persons involved. These teens are subjecting themselves to a constant pressure and temptation in the sex area. Many teenagers who thought they could stay in control of any situation found they were overconfident. The simple exchange of affections soon loses its innocence. It stimulates the emotions and the body to cry for the full natural expression—an expression that teenagers should not give outside the bounds of marriage.

The undue familiarity that is the inevitable accompaniment of

going steady leads to unwarranted liberties—given and received permissively—in courtship. Soon the couple find themselves morally out-of-bounds. And they discover that they have sold out one of the most beautiful and satisfying experiences God has provided for his children, in exchange for the physical thrill of an adolescent moment, or for the failure to control fully the normal sexual appetite.

If today's teenager could sit with any pastor or counselor and hear the agonizing words of regret and tearful sobs of self-condemnation from those who have caught themselves in the web of sexual involvement through the process described in the preceding paragraph, he would think twice before he would knowingly put himself in the position where he, too, would have similar cause for regret. Again, note that by no means do all who go steady end up in this fashion. Not all who go steady are definitely confronted with this danger.

Going steady in high school is but another way in which teens of today are trying to grow up too fast. In so doing they are missing an important and most enjoyable phase of living—the youthful years—which will never return once they've become adults. ▼▼▼

(Copyright 1958. All rights reserved.)



Dating is one of the joys of being a teenager. You're setting the pace for the future. The attitudes you're presently developing toward dating and getting along with others will much influence your future attitudes toward marriage, toward compatibility with your mate, and toward rearing your own children. Teen-age dating is sometimes the source of misunderstanding between adults and youth. For example, "going steady" often means one thing to adults and another to youth. What do you think of Hoover Rupert's comments on going steady (pages 9-13)? **Cover photo by Max Tharpe**

**Caravaners help Pennsy youth
build stone altar outdoors . . .**

With apologies to stonemasons!

By Janice Borgstedt

TAKE: Shovels, measuring tape, all sorts of digging and building tools . . .

DISTRIBUTE EVENLY AMONG: Four caravaners, three local youth, two adult advisers, one pastor . . .

BLEND IN: Thousands of square feet of stone, tons of cement, a birch tree, four mornings of back-breaking labor . . .

I SUPPOSE you're wondering what kind of crazy recipe this is. Well, these listed items are merely the essential ingredients for one slightly-lopsided, but sturdy, stone altar built at Heidelberg Church, New Tripoli, Pa., while our youth caravan visited there this last summer.

One caravaner, also self-appointed architect, started the works with a bang on Monday morning by producing some plans for the altar. Naturally there was disagreement. We all had ideas concerning the altar itself and about where it should be placed. We finally agreed on a suitable spot, however, and proceeded to dig a hole for the foundation. Now this may sound easy, but if you ever have an extra day or two to kill, try digging a hole four by three by three.

The hole finally wide enough, long enough, and deep enough, we "laid" the foundation. This process seemed to be tinker-toy play and we thought, "What do you know?" This stone-laying business is a racket." We dumped big rocks and cement into the hole until it was ground level.

Now the fun began. We had to get nice, straight stones for the outside, for we had decided it was wisest to build from the outside to the inside. Did I say fun? The stones were so heavy, they wouldn't stay in place. We used more cement than stones, for very often the stones did not fit together and we wouldn't think of leaving holes in the middle of the altar. After three mornings and two hundred choruses of "And the Walls Came Tumbling



own," we produced a reasonable facsimile of a stone altar.

We had left a hole in the middle of the top for the birch cross to be placed. On Thursday, we put the cross in its proper position, filled it with the old standby, cement, trapped a coat of shellac on the cross to protect it from the elements, and crossed our fingers as we stepped back to survey our masterpiece.

The top surface of the altar was not completely level (understatement of the year) but we found a good reason for it not to be so. The way we engineered it, water runs off the surface because of the unevenness. Thus, it can never seep down into the body of the altar, freeze, and crack the structure.

Now we would be the first people in the universe to admit our shortcomings as stonemasons, but we were rather proud of our finished product. Besides, we're willing to wager that we had more fun, more spirit, and more gusto than any groups of laborers you've ever seen!

So ended our first work project for the summer. Our gains: A new experience, new friends, and a willing, and we hope, Christian attitude toward work.



EDITOR'S NOTE: *Any young people interested in caravanning or other summer service opportunities, see page 30 for information.*

The Frog Hunt

A story by Gabriel Gersh

WE WALKED down the dusty road in the darkness of the hot summer's night towards the cluster of lights that was the main street of the town.

"Don't forget, Billy is the leader of the gang," I said to the new kid.

"All right," he answered.

"Billy's tough," I told him. "He can lick any kid in school. If he says you can't be one of the gang, you can't be."

"All right," the new kid said. "I understand."

I was a little nervous about even taking the new kid along without having asked Billy in advance. My father and Tim Connor's father worked in the same office and the Connors had moved into the house on the hill alongside us. Tim Connor was an ordinary-looking kid, with a slightly freckled face and sandy hair, but we were in the same class and my father had told me to

take him under my wing until he found his feet, so there was nothing I could do about it.

We reached the edge of town and turned into the main street and headed toward Tagliano's ice cream parlor. Tagliano's was the one place in our town that stayed open after nightfall. The girls, and the young fellows who were beginning to be interested in girls, would go there on summer evenings and sit at the little green painted tables in the back of the shop, sipping ice cream sodas and talking to one another, and sometimes walking home together.

The pavement outside Tagliano's was the meeting place for our gang. We would wait around until Billy showed up and led us off on whatever mischief he fancied—maybe robbing an apple orchard, bombarding someone's roof with stones, turning old Joe Haggarty's cows loose, tormenting courting couples.



Illustration by Lou Segal

Billy was strong and reckless and nobody ever questioned his right to lead. We reckoned even the school teachers were a little frightened of him. He was the youngest of a tough family. His father and his brothers were lumberjacks and none of the men ever went out of their way to boss them. Billy was like them, only younger.

Three of the other kids were there when Tim and I arrived in front of

Tagliano's. They knew Tim from seeing him at school, but they greeted him with the suspicious reserve peculiar to boys and cats confronted with a fellow creature they hardly know.

"What's doin' tonight?" I asked Sam Hembury, one of the three.

"Dunno," he said. "Billy'll cook up somethin', I guess." He kicked his heel against the gutter and asked, nodding his head at Tim. "Billy know he's comin'?"

"No."

Sam grunted.

We squatted around, talking and giggling. Tim was next to me, but he seemed left out of it all, and I kept wishing I hadn't brought him. Four or five others drifted up in the next ten minutes and joined us in waiting for Billy. He came at last. He was no older than the rest of us, but he was taller, with high strong shoulders, big hands that were like chunks of rock when he made them into fists, and a thin, hard, strong body. At 13, his face was also thin and hard, like a man's. He came toward Tagliano's with an unlit lantern swinging in one hand, and we

The Frog Hunt

all stood up from where we had been lounging or squatting, muttering "Hiya, Billy!"

Billy looked us over. His bright brown eyes halted at Tim, and he asked, "Who's he?"

I explained Tim's presence. I fumbled with the words while Billy's unblinking eyes watched me, but somehow I got them out. Billy's mouth tightened, and I thought he was going to send Tim away, but after a moment he said, "Is he all right?"

"Course he's all right," I assured him.

Billy nodded. "He can come."

I smiled at Tim, but he didn't catch the smile. He was looking at Billy, and I felt impatient with Tim; he didn't seem to realize the honor being done to him.

Billy told us, "We're goin' down to the crick." He always pronounced "creek" as "crick." "We're going frog huntin'."

He started off along the street, the unlit lantern swinging in his hand, the rest of us tramping at his heels, eager for the adventure ahead, bubbling with excitement.

We went out of town and on through the thick, hot darkness to the bridge across the creek. Billy balanced the lantern on the rail of the bridge and lit it with matches he took from his pocket. He adjusted the wick, and yellow light flooded over our faces and glimmered on the sliding waters of the creek.

That summer had been dry and the creek was low; there was hardly

more than a shallow trickle over the smooth stones. It made a thin, whispering sound in the darkness.

"Shut up," Billy ordered. "Listen to 'em!"

We listened to the croaking of the unnumerable frogs, eerie and dolorous.

"Ought to be a good night for frog huntin'," Billy said. "Take the lantern, Dick. Come along, the rest of youse."

Obedying Billy's gesture, Dick Ryder took the lantern and scrambled down the bank. Billy, armed with a thick stick, followed close behind him and the rest of us went sliding down the bank in their wake. I was somewhere near the back, with Tim Connor beside me.

"What're we goin' to do?" Tim whispered.

"Leave it to Billy," I whispered back.

We started off along the creek-bed, keeping to the sandy edge where the water was only an inch or two deep, with Dick walking in front and holding the lantern high, so that its light played on the creek and the scrub-grown banks above us. We had not gone 20 yards when Billy told Dick to stop.

Billy bent over and prodded with his stick among the stones in a hollow at the foot of the bank. Water six or seven inches deep had collected in the hollow.

"Bring the light lower, Dick." Billy ordered.

Dick Ryder lowered the lantern, throwing the light directly onto the

pool. Billy gave a yelp of exultation. He twitched the tip of his stick and flipped a frog out of the pool. The frog landed on a patch of dry sand a couple feet away.

He was a big fellow, about six inches long, deep green on the throat and belly. He seemed dazzled by the light and he crouched on the sand, throat and sides heaving, jewelled eyes glistening with terror.

"Right, fellas," Billy called. "Grab your ammunition."

He scrambled in the bed of the stream and brought up a handful of stones and pebbles. The rest of us followed his example.

"Keep the light on him, Dick," Billy said, and launched the first stone. It fell short, but the sand splashed up and the frog reeled, his throat and sides heaving faster.

Two or three other stones followed in quick succession, but none of them

struck the frog. Then Billy threw two more. The first crushed one of the frog's legs, the second smashed his head. The creature's body lay twitching on the sand.

"Deadshot Billy, that's me!" Billy exclaimed. "Come on, we'll find some more."

I looked at him standing in the light of the lantern, his eyes hard and bright, and I knew Billy represented most of the things I despised. But I knew that I would never have the courage to say so, because the others would howl me down as yellow and go trailing off in Billy's wake, because he was the leader of the gang.

Then a voice said, "Is this frog huntin'?"

At first I didn't recognize the voice, it didn't belong to any of the gang, but suddenly I realized it was Tim Connor who had spoken. Tim for

may we quote you?

"Our pioneer forefathers worked far less than we do," reports a psychiatrist. After all, they only had to fear being scalped by Indians or starving to death. (*Grit*). . . . A good way to widen out that "narrow path" would be for more people to walk on it. (*Toastmaster*). . . . Many a television program would have a happier ending if we just had the energy to get up and turn it off sooner. (*Changing Times*). . . . We must be as concerned about Little Rocks as we are about Big Satellites. (*Rabbi Wm. B. Silverman*). . . . It's all right to follow in Dad's footsteps, but remember, he didn't wear loafers. (*Empire*)

The Frog Hunt

whom I had vouched and was responsible. I had a kind of sick feeling when Billy, suddenly frozen, asked, "Who said that?"

Tim Connor walked forward into the light. He was smaller than Billy. But somehow, standing there, with his freckled face gone red, he didn't seem afraid.

"I did," he said.

Billy launched a fist, but Tim warded off the blow. Then they were fighting. Tim was nimble, but Billy fought like an animal, with arms flailing and every nerve and muscle of his thin hard body intent on the task of smashing Tim Connor. Tim's nose was bleeding in a few seconds, then Billy's fist made a red gash over his eye, and presently he went down in the creek-bed under the weight of Billy's blows.

Billy looked at us, blew his nose, and said, "Well, let's get going. Come on, Dick."

He was masterful, swaggering, a champion who had survived a challenge to his leadership. He seemed to be daring any of us to join in the rebellion.

I was scared of Billy. I always had been, but I heard myself saying, "I don't think this is much fun either."

Billy started towards me, his fists clenched, but he hadn't taken a step when three or four voices joined themselves to mine, saying the same kind of thing. Billy halted, looking from one face to another. He was not frightening us any longer. He looked sullen, bewildered, uncertain. He could beat any of us one by one,

but he couldn't beat us all together, and he knew it.

Tim Connor got up from where Billy's blows had knocked him down, and moved out of the circle of light, wiping his bloody face on his sleeve. Billy didn't try to stop him, but turned to Dick Ryder and said with a dash of bravado: "Come on, Dick. You an' me'll leave these yellow bellies do what they want."

But Dick Ryder had put down the lantern on the patch of sand beside the body of the murdered frog.

"I'm goin' home," he said and started back down the creek-bed. Tim Connor and I followed him. We heard the others coming behind us in the darkness, their shoes splashing in the shallow water and clicking against the smooth stones. At the bridge I looked back. Billy was standing there where we had left him, alone, the lantern light aill about him, watching us go. He looked like a defeated general abandoned by his troops on the field of battle.

"Your nose still bleedin'?" I asked.

"Not much now," Tim said. "It'll stop soon."

We broke into a dog-trot, as though by agreement, then increased our speed and raced one another to Tagliano's. I was a few inches ahead of Tim when we came into the light from the windows.

We stood there, breathless and laughing. Tim, with blood still on his face, but somehow looking bigger to me than Billy had ever looked.



Discipline builds good athletes— and Christians, too!



By Henry Tani

HERE ARE two ways to look at personal devotions. To some it seems like the proper thing to do. They read the inspirational message of the day; read the suggested Bible passages; and pray. In effect, this becomes "outward show."

On the other hand, there are those whose life-push (or motivation) is so strong that they just must talk with God alone everyday. By these people, suggested material may be used, or not used. But in the privacy of one's room, at a regular time and place, they give some very finite attention to "nourishing the spiritual life." There are teenagers who do this.

Think now of the thousands of boys who train and practice with the varsity at school. Hour upon hour, week after week, these fellows undergo strict rules and regulations. They drill and run; they are praised and scolded. When the conference

or tournament game is played, there are many boys who just sit on benches.

Would you say that these hours of training were lost and wasted for them? How about the strengthening of the body, of coordination, of team-play? How about friendships made?

Personal devotions are something like training and practice. Our youth fellowship purpose says "to know God." You can't leave this for Sunday. And so even those who just go through the motions daily may find some new strength they weren't looking for, some new insight that will become part of them.

Lent is the time when young people in many churches receive and use the *Lenten Devotions for Young People*. Many others have found great help in the three personal devotions books *Windows of Worship*, *Gates of Beauty*, and *Pathways of Prayer*.

If training for the game appears important how much more important is training for life. ▼▼▼

Mr. Tani is Director of Youth Work of the Board of Christian Education and Publication (Evangelical Reformed).

Ambassador's Daughter

MISS NYAMAFO ALICE CHAPMAN is the daughter of Ghana's Ambassador to the United States, Mr. D. A. Chapman. Her father is also Ghana's permanent delegate in the United Nations. Recently Nyamafo Alice flew to Washington, D. C., to join her parents for a six-weeks vacation from her high school training at Mawuli Secondary School at Ho in her homeland. The principal of Mawuli is Walter Trost, one of a number of U.S. teachers supplied by the United Church of Christ (through the Board of International Missions of the Evangelical and Reformed Church). Just a year ago this week Ghana became an independent nation. Youth of Ghana will long remember March 6, just as we honor July 4. As the principal adviser to Prime Minister Kwame Nkrumah for three years (1954-57), Nyamafo Alice's father played an important role in the active period that preceded Ghana's independence. Mr. Trost writes: "The Chapmans are very fine people and he comes out of our congregation at Keta." With her father being one of the most widely-traveled officials of the Ghana government, Nyamafo Alice has had many varied experiences in her young life.



A dormitory block at Mawuli secondary school at Ho, one of the fruits of Ghana's new education plan.

Her homeland celebrates
the first anniversary
of its independence



GHANA



In front of the chancery of the Embassy of Ghana in Washington, D. C., Nyamafo Alice chats with Miss Lydia Zemba, the ambassador's social secretary.

BEING an ambassador's daughter has meant much traveling and moving for Miss Nyamafo Alice Chapman. Oldest of five children, she was born in Accra 14 years ago. For three years she lived in the Gold Coast, as it was then known. Then beginning in 1946, when her father became a staff member of the United Nations Secretariat as Area Specialist and First Officer in the Department of Trusteeship and Information from Non-Self-Governing Territories, Nyamafo Alice lived and went to school in Jamaica, Long Island. In 1954 when Mr. Chapman was appointed Secretary to the Prime Minister and the Cabinet, he took his family back to the Gold Coast. After attending a private school in Accra for five months, Nyamafo Alice continued her education for the next three years in a girls' school in England. Last year she returned to Ghana for a vacation and stayed to attend Mawuli Secondary School until her present visit to the United States. She is now enrolled in a high school in Washington, D. C.

Ambassador's Daughter

YAMAFO ALICE has the usual dreams of a girl her age in looking forward to the future. Currently her thoughts are focused on becoming barrister (lawyer). She likes to study history and she has been especially inspired to enter law by two lady barristers she knows—one is her cousin. Miss Chapman spends much of her spare time reading and playing the piano. She also is skilled at playing the cello. She enjoys the entertainment opportunities found in the U. S.—especially through magazines and movies. Concerning ways to improve friendship between our two countries, Yamafo Alice says, "I hope more Americans can go to Ghana and get first-hand knowledge of it."



Miss Chapman discusses her future educational plans with Mr. W. I. Tsitsiwu, Education Attache. Above on the mantle is a photo of Prime Minister Kwame Nkrumah and a miniature of the flag of Ghana.

Photos by Seth Muse





on this business of living

"My brother is the town's biggest fibber!"

QUESTION: My ten-year-old brother is the town's biggest fibber or I don't understand boys anymore. He causes trouble all the time.

I am 16 and I don't always stick to the straight truth, but I don't always blame things on somebody else. Lately my brother can do the most awful things and then stand and tell you he never did them at all—that somebody else did. I know that he was the one who messed up my science notebook last week with big ink spots. But he refuses to admit it. Are most little boys like this? If they are, I hope I never have any.

ANSWER: Can you remember back a few years when this same kid brother was just two or three years old? Remember how often his happy face seemed to have a bit of heaven in it? Every little boy or girl has such moments. You had them. Then come years when the best of parents—and older brothers and sisters, too—wonder what happened to the angel. Every youngster is a mixture. But it is a mixture of

different needs and purposes, rather than a matter of angel against imp.

How honestly a girl or boy can admit his faults and take the blame for them is a mark of how old the child is. Accepting responsibility for our decisions is one characteristic of the mature person. It has to be learned.

By 16, for example, most young people have arrived at the grown-up stage where they can say, "I did it," and take whatever correction is coming. A few teens, of course, are slower to reach this stage of maturity. We do not all grow up at the same rate.

Boys and girls around six frequently refuse to accept blame for misdeeds. Usually you are wasting time to try to get the average six-year-old to tell the truth about some of the things he has done. He can hold out stubbornly to the last breath and in most instances he does just that.

For a while, this apparent untruthfulness in some matters seems

Dr. John E. Crawford

- a clinical psychologist
with special interest
in youth and their problems
- a Fellow in the consulting
division of the American
Psychological Association

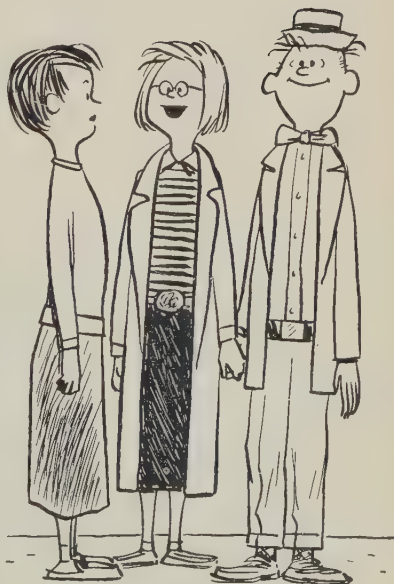
disappear—but not permanently! Around nine or ten it may show up again, perhaps in more stubborn peaks than before.

But the situation is not hopeless. At now you may not be able to believe this, but these “untruthful” tells are just stages in the process of growing up. Most girls and boys go through them. In some households these things cause less trouble than in others. Thirteens are definitely improving in this respect. By four or so, most girls and boys can admit their errors fairly honestly and accept a share of the blame.

Probably you have arrived at this grown-up level. But there were years when in your own life when . . . Well, you know how we tend to forget such things and idealize our earlier behavior!

Someday when you are in the library, borrow some good books on child development. The information you will find out about ten-year-olds will interest you.

Copyright 1955. All rights reserved.)



“This is my new boyfriend . . . I call him ‘Stewardship’ because it took a lot of planning to catch him!”

youth in the news . . .

CC, E and R Adult Advisers Hold Joint Meeting

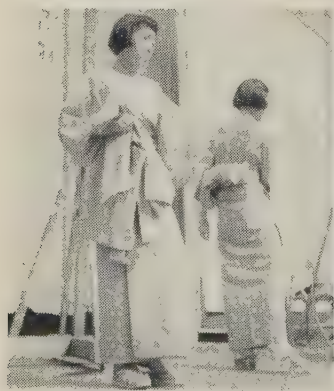
For the first time since plans for national union of the Congregational Christian and Evangelical and Reformed Churches were begun almost 20 years ago, the adult advisers to the youth organizations of the two denominations came together in joint planning session at Buck Hill Falls, Pa., in January.

Adult advisers of Pilgrim Fellowship, youth agency of the Congregational Christian Churches, and of the Youth Fellowship of the Evangelical Reformed Church, jointly

formulated their roles in a forthcoming first joint National Council of 300 delegates from the two youth organizations next summer.

Joint youth cabinets of the two merging denominations have also been planning for this summer meeting. The youth from all states and Hawaii, by former vote of each of their national councils and of a joint executive committee, will convene June 20-27 at Union Theological Seminary, New York City, to draw up a joint national youth program for 1958-60. The purpose and emphases of the two groups have long been the same.

At national convention of Future Homemakers of Japan



Photos courtesy of "Teen Times"

Girl (at far left) holds the haori (jacket) in her hand which is styled to be worn with her kimono. Note the obi sash on other girl. Japanese girls wear both native kimono and western dress. Girl (at far right) has on formal kimono worn on sad occasions.

German Leaders Warn Against Mixed Marriages

Roman Catholic and Protestant leaders in West Germany have issued warnings on successive Sundays about the dangers of mixed marriages between Protestants and Catholics.

A pastoral letter from the Roman Catholic bishops read in all churches was addressed mainly to unmarried Roman Catholics and to parents. It said that a "deep religious cleavage" runs through most mixed marriages.

On the following Sunday a statement from the synod of the Evangelical Church in the Rhineland was read in the parishes of that church, urging church members not to be

persuaded into marrying Roman Catholics. Calling certain features of Roman Catholic ecclesiastical law "contrary to the gospel," the statement said these ordinances menaced the fellowship which God intended to exist in marriage.

Controversy Continues Over Air Academy Chapel

Controversy has broken out anew in Congress over the modernistic design of the proposed three-million-dollar chapel at the U. S. Air Force Academy, Colorado Springs, Colo. A joint resolution has been introduced which if adopted by Congress would require congressional approval of final plans before construction is started.



The apple farmer's daughter (at left) shows the freedom of motion that is provided when a gusset sleeve is used. Three thousand teenagers attending the busy two-day convention in Tokyo were happy to take time out for eating at a hotel restaurant.



Check these summer service opportunities

ONE OF THE MOST effective ways for today's young people to come to grips with the reality and impact of the gospel on their lives is through the actual experience of giving themselves in service to others and living out their faith in an everyday situation. This sort of service can be done in the local community the year round.

But summer vacation days are especially fruitful for such service opportunities. There are a number of national, church-sponsored programs designed for such service experiences for high school youth. The following are of special note:

National youth caravan teams: Thirty-two young people will be needed to man the caravans which will be moving into various sections of the country this summer to work with youth in churches, and summer camps and conferences. Each caravan team is made up of four young people, 17 years and older, who wish to give six weeks of service. Training will be provided at the Voluntary Service Center, Pottstown, Pa., beginning June 28. Financial responsibility for each caravaner is five dollars registration and the cost of travel to the training center and return home after a round-up session at the close of the caravan service period. Deadline for applications is May 1, 1958.

Work camps for high school youth: Applicants must be willing to work at manual tasks. There are also daily periods of discussion, worship, and recreation. Two sites, one in the East and one in the Middle West, have been selected for work camps restricted to high school persons only—grades 10, 11, and 12.

Near Pottstown, Pa. (in connection with the Voluntary Service Center), the work camp project for high school youth will include the construction of a garage and maintenance work at the Center. One work camp period of five weeks (July 7-August 9) will cost each camper 30 dollars (includes insurance), plus travel.

At Gladden, Mo. (in connection with the Shannondale Community Center), the work project will include road building, completion of a recreation building, and construction of a concrete playground. There will be two periods to this work camp with the first running June 23-July 19 and the second from July 21 to August 15. The cost for each period will be 30 dollars (including insurance), plus travel. Applicants may work in either or both periods. Deadline for work camp applications is May 15, 1958.

Write: Service Projects, Board of Christian Education and Publication, 1505 Race St., Philadelphia 2, Pa.

BIRD NOTES *from the Bible*

By Paul Hubartt



Domestic Fowls

JERUSALEM, JERUSALEM . . . HOW OFTEN WOULD I HAVE GATHERED THY CHILDREN TOGETHER, EVEN AS A HEN GATHERETH HER CHICKENS UNDER HER WINGS, AND YE WOULD NOT! " MATTHEW 23:37

THESE ARE THE WORDS OF JESUS. THEY EXPRESS HIS SORROW AT BEING REJECTED BY HIS OWN PEOPLE WHOM HE CAME TO SAVE



THE PROTECTING CARE OF A MOTHER HEN FOR HER BROOD IS A SPLENDID SYMBOL OF GOD'S LOVE AND CARE FOR ALL WHO ACCEPT HIS SON AS THEIR SAVIOUR - EVEN TODAY!

A COCK CROWING IN THE EARLY MORNING WAS ONCE A BITTER REMINDER TO PETER HE RECALLED THE MASTER'S WORDS OF ONLY A FEW HOURS BEFORE

" EVEN IN THIS NIGHT, BEFORE THE COCK CROW TWICE, THOU SHALT DENY ME THRICE " MARK 14:30



KING SOLOMON'S MENU

INCLUDED CHICKEN . . . OR SOME OTHER POULTRY SUCH AS DUCKS OR GEESE. (READ 1 KINGS 4:22,23) THIS IS THE ONLY REFERENCE TO DOMESTIC FOWLS IN THE OLD TESTAMENT. PERHAPS SOLOMON IMPORTED THE FIRST CHICKENS IN PALESTINE



Quails

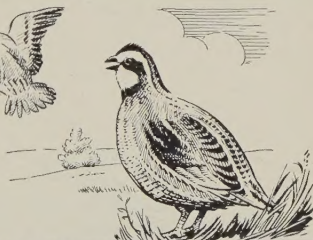
"AND THERE WENT FORTH A WIND FROM THE LORD, AND BROUGHT QUAILS FROM THE SEA!" NUMBERS 11:31

QUAILS ARE HEAVY BIRDS WITH A SHORT WING-SPAN, THEREFORE THEY ARE NOT GREAT FLYERS DURING MIGRATION TO WARMER CLIMATES, THESE BIRDS ASSEMBLE IN HUGE NUMBERS AND WAIT FOR THE WIND TO BLOW IN THE DIRECTION OF THEIR DESTINATION



EVEN WITH THE HELP OF A TAIL WIND WHICH GOD SENT, MULTITUDES OF QUAILS FELL TO THE GROUND EXHAUSTED AFTER THEIR FLIGHT ACROSS THE RED SEA IN THIS CONDITION THEY WERE EASILY GATHERED BY THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL

"AND HE THAT GATHERED LEAST GATHERED TEN HOMERS " ABOUT 80 BUSHELS!"



The Partridge

IS MENTIONED TWICE IN THE BIBLE THE MOST COMMON SPECIES IN PALESTINE IS THE GREEK PARTRIDGE, WHICH INHABITS ROCKY HILLSIDES AND CAVES

WHEN DAVID WAS FLEEING FROM KING SAUL HE SAID,

"THE KING OF ISRAEL IS COME OUT TO SEEK A FLEA, AS WHEN ONE DOTHT HUNT A PARTRIDGE IN THE MOUNTAINS."

1 SAMUEL 26:20



A teen prayer . . .

Before a date

OUR FATHER God, I pause in my happiness to give thanks for the prospect of a happy evening. You have in your wisdom created us male and female.

I recognize our different needs and our joy in being together. This is right and is part of your divine plan. May we find joy in Christian friendship.

I pray that we may not spoil our happy relationship by placing too much emphasis upon our physical natures. May we remember that we are children of God. If it be wise, dear God, I pray that our fellowship may grow into love. Give us wisdom and strength to find in our dating a closer understanding of each other and a deeper concern for the other's welfare. May we be conscious of your presence with us at all times. Amen.

This prayer was written by Edward D. Staples. It is reprinted by permission from *Youth at Prayer* (The Upper Room), 1958. Photo by A. Devaney.

